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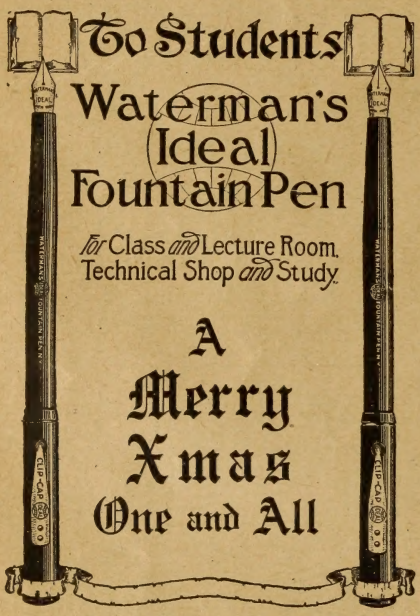

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THE CAMOSUN

Volume XV. DECEMBER, 1922 No. 1

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Special Matriculation Issue Staff

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Advertisers are asked to leave copy at Diggon's, 1210 Government Street

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UNIVERSITY OF

A Message from the Principal

Victoria High School,

December, 1922.

In response to a request by the Editors of The Camosun, the following statement of the results achieved by the Matriculation Students at the June Departmental Examinations is presented to the readers of this publication. It is hoped that in doing so undue importance may not be attached to examination results in estimating the success of any educational institution, least of all Victoria High School. True, a community will justly demand of its high school students a high standard of scholarship as masured by their ability to meet University and Normal School requirements, but it would be manifestly very short-sighted to make this almost, if not quite, the sole aim in our High School training. The school that fails to include in its objective the promotion of activities that will contribute to the physical, social and moral betterment of its students, and the creation of a wholesome atmosphere to enable them to unfold normally and sanely, has, indeed, made a lamentable failure. A judicious blending of such objectives is not only desirable but clearly attainable, if the staff has the necessary vision and will to execute, and the students the disposition to follow wise leadership.

The Matriculation classes of 1921-22 have set a record that succeeding classes may be proud to equal. One hundred and forty-five students went up for examination, of whom one hundred and fifteen passed in all subjects, twenty-one were successful in all but one or two papers, entitling them to take supplemental examinations in the subjects in which they failed, while only nine failed outright. In addition to this, Alice Jean Eldridge secured the highest marks in the Province in French, averaging niney-six per cent in the two papers, and won thereby the L'Alliance Francaise Prize.

Such excellent results were not secured without sacrifice and unremitting attention to daily tasks by both students and staff. It is a privilege and a source of gratification to pay a tribute to their splendid achievement, which should inspire all who follow with a desire to follow in their footsteps.

HERBERT H. SMITH,

Principal.

This being the first edition of The Camosun for the year 1922-23, the Editors are presenting it with some misgivings. First, because they have departed somewhat from the time-honored traditions of the magazine. And second, because they have begun to feel the weight of their literary burdens and to find that an Editor's job is not all "beer and skittles," as the saying goes.

We give this magazine into your hands only too conscious of its many faults, and we beg you to read it gently and to judge kindly. Matrics, be not wroth with the poor Editors, nor let your sophisticated understanding judge us too harshly. Juniors, use levity in your censure. And Prelims—ah! what shall we say to the Prelims? It seems so long since we were called Prelims that really we know not what to say. But with the immortal Shakespeare, we would breathe this prayer: "Prelims, O still be kind, and eke out our performance with your mind."

* * * * *

Those of us who have already spent one or more years in the Victoria High School, cannot help remarking on the splendid improvement in school spirit this term. A school can only be what the students make it. Let us, then, make our school the very best. Those who have gone before us have left us invisible records—records which would grace any institution. They have paved the way for us; they have blazed the trail. They have instituted certain organizations and societies—organizations worthy of your utmost support. And now the question comes before each one of us: "Shall we keep faith?" In a year or two most of us will have left the old "High" for ever. The support which we might have given will never be given, the things which we might have done will for ever remain undone; the words "Beta Delta," "Portia" and "Victoria High School" will live only in our memories. With these facts before us, let us work—all together—every shoulder to the wheel. He who derives most benefit and most enjoyment from school life is he who puts most into school activities. Yours is a grand opportunity: should you neglect it, the loss, the regret, will be yours alone.

* * * * *

Before concluding this very uninteresting editorial, we wish to welcome to our midst, three new members of our teaching staff: Miss Hamilton, Mr. English and Mr. Ashman. To those of us who have attained to the exalted position of Matrics, Miss Hamilton will need no introduction. For years she has been loved and respected as a teacher, and it was with deep regret on our part that she left us to go to Europe, some two years ago. Mr. English, since coming to this school, has made himself popular by the interest he has shown in grass hockey. Mr. Ashman is connected with Commercial Department. He is a B. A. of Queen's, graduating in 1907.

A novel method was used this year to finance The Camosun. The Editors take great pleasure in announcing that the scheme has been a complete success. Not being published for "commercial purposes," The Camosun has always been somewhat difficult to finance, but this year success in that department seems assured. For this, thanks are due to Mr. Robertson, of the Dominion Theatre; Mr. Denholme, of the Royal Victoria Theatre, and Mr. Lester Patrick, manager of the Arena. For their kind assistance the Editors extend their gratitude on behalf of all the students of Victoria High School.

REVENGE

The wind howled and screamed through the rocky crags at the top of the cliffs, whilst far below, the angry waves, like hungry monsters, dashed themselves into a smother of white foam and then retreated, baffled, into the seething tide.

High above this, on a ledge not more than two feet wide, a seagull stood, with his head tucked into his breast, silent and immovable, fast asleep. Behind him, snuggling in under the shelter of the overhanging cliff-face, a mother-bird was minding her young, three in number. They had been hatched out a few days before, and since then she had guarded them jealously while her mate went out in search for food. Sometimes she would fly out to sea for a few miles in order to obtain some exercise, and at these times the male bird would remain behind with the young chicks.

Some days after the time when this story opens, the male bird set off as usual to procure food for his mate and little ones. After half an hour's search he at length caught a good-sized fish, and with it in his bill, re commenced the return flight.

On his way back he noticed that the wind, which usually blew with great force, and almost incessantly on this portion of the coast, had suddenly died down. A feeling of deep oppression overcame the seagull. He seemed to scent disaster in the air and felt instinctively that his home was in dangr.

He quickened his speed, and as he drew nearer to land he could see that a furious battle was in progress on his ledge. At sight of this he dropped the fish to lighten himself and thus gain greater speed than before, but alas- whilst he was still half a mile away he descried his mate drop into the roaring waves below. The victor, a Parasitic Gull, then caught up one of the young birds in his beak and left the battle-field in headlong flight with the enraged widower scarcely a hundred yards behind.

It was a fast and furious chase while it lasted, but the murderer was already weak from fighting, and so the other quickly overtook him. Flying well above him, the grief-maddened bird swooped suddenly and struck the now terrified malefactor such a blow on the neck that he fell a lifeless corpse into the waves beneath.

The hardy gull, now that he had gained his revenge, and killed his enemy, however, was utterly miserable.

Sadly he flew back to the old home with a lingering hope that the other two young chicks might yet be alive. But no, left exposed to the fury of the elements, they had perished miserably.

At last, however, he decided to find another mate. Flying disconsolately away from his former home, he at length came to rest upon a rocky pinnacle high above the angry sea. And far into the night the wild, weird mating cry of the seagull rang out over the water, echoing and re-echoing in the darkness, until it became lost in the distance.

RICHARD DIESPECKER, Junior B.

NOTICE

The business management is offering a first prize of Two Dollars, a second prize of One Dollar ,to the Victoria High School student who submits purchase receipts representing the greatest number of purchases from business firms who are advertising in The Camosun. A ten-cent purchase receipt counts the same as a ten-dollar one, so that the amount of the purchase is not a factor to be considered. Those desiring to compete are requested to submit their returns to Room 22, by January 31st, 1922.

HELPED HIM

Teacher (suspiciously)—Did you write this composition, Johnny?
Johnny—No, sir; my father did.
Teacher—What! All of it?
Johhny—No, sir; I helped him.

The first meeting of the Portia Society for the year 1922-23 was held in the library on Wednesday, October 4th, with Miss Ballard, our former President, in the chair. The business of the meeting was to elect officers—those who should bear "the sword, the mace, the crown imperial" of the society for the year. The results of the election were as follows: President, Miss Bennet; Vice-President, Agnes MacLean; Secretary-Treasurer, Laurine Gibson.

Besides these very capable officers, the society has been very fortunate in having as Honorary Presidents, Miss McNaughton and Miss Shields. These appointments having been made, the meeting was adjourned.

The second meeting of the society was held on Wednesday, October 11th. At this meeting the election of Matric, Junior, Prelim and Camosun representatives took place, the following candidates being successful: Matric Representative, Margaret Gibson; Junior Representative, Peggy Humber; Prelim Representative, Marjorie Raymond; Camosun Reporter, Nan Forbes.

While the ballots were being counted the meeting was addressed by Miss McNaughton and Miss Shields, who were warmly received by all present. The meeting was then adjourned.

The first regular meeting of the fully organized Portia Society was held in the auditorium on Wednesday, October 18th. The meeting opened with a pianoforte solo by Dorothy Dean, which was much appreciated. Miss McNaughton then introduced the speaker for the afternoon, Mr. Best, who gave a very interesting and beautifully illustrated lecture on British Columbia. A very successful meeting was then brought to a close by a stirring pianoforte duet by Margaret Gibson and Doris Ford.

The society has since held several meetings, each of which has proved a great enjoyment to all who were present.

Prelims!! Break the record; get your Portia pins.

Juniors!! Show some spirit and show what a year in this institution can do.

Matrics!! This is your last year in the old High. Don't leave without on of those popular Portia pins.

A REPORTER'S DREAM

The night was still, and peace reigned everywhere except in our dear reporter's brain, which was a homo-genius confusion resulting from a double dose of cheese. Never before in a dream had he witnessed a scene so magnificent and splendorous; therefore, on entering the ballroom, he was struck with awe and wonder at the beautiful hangings which decked the walls. They were richly decorated with long strips of "Black Jack" and "Wrigley's Spearmint," specially adopted for Miss Cousins and Miss Wallis. Mingled with these were strings of jelly beans all ready for Mitchell's

use. But the main feature, and certainly the most interesting, was a large tree which stood in the centre of the room, laden down with suitable gifts for Division IV.

Soon after the arrival of our reporter, Santa Claus and his son Xerces appeared and, after warming himself at the fire, Santa Claus stowed his corn cob pipe away and commenced to speak with a booming voice, which aroused Miss Keith's high-pitched gurgle, who thereby and thereupon sent forth a yell of fright. Continuing to speak to his audience, Santa told them that the good children of the class were each to receive a present, and, turning to his son, commanded him to distribute the wares.

The first on the programme was Two-Gun Zareilla. He was presented with a silver spoon and a special geometry book with a prescription ordered by Dr. C———. The prescription read: "Take two pages of geometry with one teaspoonful of hard work each night before retiring." Gazing upon his prize, John sat down in a crestfallen attitude.

"Mr. Warren, if present, please step forward," said Xerces. (Two minutes later Herb arrived in a hayrack). "Seeing you are one of the domineering characters in the Farmers' Horticulturist Brigade, I have much pleasure in presenting you this pair of cover-alls and this jazz straw hat, whereby you may keep your stiffy collar and wondrous wool in order." Warren then retired to his seat amid the applause of his class-mates.

Miss Guy was called up next. Putting forth a radiant smile, which pleased Santa, she was courteously handed a baby-buggy, to be used as a book transfer. This vehicle was gaudily colored by the crafty hand of Blackett, our 500 B.C. painter.

Champion was next on the menu. Slowly he moved towards the tree, the lights of which seemed to dazzle him after his afternoon's nap. "Revered Champion, your feet(tures) please me very much," commented Xerces, and placing his hand on the "lad's" shoulder, extended to him an automatic spraying contraption, labelled "Anti-Sleeping Mixture; if used every morning it is guaranteed to take away all signs of sleepiness while in Room 10."

"Rae Hambly, next," continued the revered Xerces. "Rae, my boy, for you I have the most superior brilliantine ever put on the market. This mixture kept me in my lab. for several months, and only by chance am I freed from my bench today. It consists mainly of one pound of "Burn's" A1 Lard, two pints of glue, and the juice of two lemons. When applied it will keep the hair in place for a period of three hundred years."

The name following that of Rae Hambly on Xerces' list was Miss Margaret Cawthorne, which young lady, blushing to the color of a sheet in a hail storm, took her treasure to her seat, and gently unwrapping the paper, found to her glad and joyful surprise, some precious books, among which were "Keep your beauty, though 60," "Dan Cupid, in six lessons," "How Noah grew goats." The latter is an excellent volume for agriculturists.

"Thompson Whitely," read the tired Xerces. "Tommy, I have watched your growth since the day I brought you those blocks, and find, upon reference to my book, that you have made great progress in your intellectual power. I now present you with this instrument, which, when placed in the mouth, sends forth a most fluent speech." Thompson inserted it in his mouth and at once began to chatter, causing so much racket that the police had to be called in to put a stop to the noise.

This ended the presentations, but the next thing announced by Xerces was a sumptuous banquet, which greatly pleased Hodgson and Fleming. The main part of the banquet was a confiscated Irish hash, savored with some sprigs of Botany from the Labiatiae family. Much to Chaston's disgust, he missed this nifty relish while trying to steal some popcorn from Santa's sleigh.

The party broke up about 10 p.m., and everybody returned home after enjoying a furiously ringing alarm clock.

BETA DELTA

The Fall session of the Beta Delta began auspiciously with a debate on that harassing question of the day—Co-Education.

At the first regular meeting in the library, November 9th, the resolution: "Co-Education is in the best interests of Canadian High Schools," was fully delved into, discussed and decided on (Educators, please take notice).

H. W. Blackett and H. Warren strove nobly to uphold the affirmative against Bailey and Mackay, but they, like true iconoclasts, smashed all their opponents' arguments and built up such a strong case for the negative as to win the judges' decision.

On November 16th, there were over fifty in the library to hear Mr. Farr speak on "Debating." As he unfolded an artistic and comprehensive explanation of the practical art in debating, many among those present must have felt stirring in their inmost souls the urge to "self-expression." At least, the executive committee, observing the encouraging size of the audience, clapped itself on the back and began to hope confidently that now would soon appear some of those—

"Hidden seeds of oratory, so rare,
That spring up only when incentive's there."

But, alas, for the poor committee. The attendance at the next meeting, November 23rd, brought for the old lament—

"Full many a hope is born to dream,
But never realize what might have been."

There was a debate at this meeting: "Resolved that the Lord's Day Act is justifiable." MacDonald and Parrott upheld the affirmative successfully against Fletcher and Wilson.

On November 30th, the programme consisted of three short speeches by Diespecker, McMurchy and Coddington (the rumor that Coddington is a Professor of Astronomy in disguise is totally without foundation, though we do not hesitate to say that he is an authority on sun spots versus the Aurora Borealis).

The officers for the fall and winter session, 1922-23, are as follows: President, B. Bailey; Vice-President, M. Maynard; Secretary, D. J. MacDonald; Treasurer, H. W. Blackett.

We wish to thank our Honorary President, Mr. Cornett, and Mr. Farr and Mr. Dymond for the help they have given the society during the past session. They are truly the indispensable part of the Beta Delta, to whom we all owe hearty thanks for the time the have granted us and the moral encouragement they have given us.

The Beta Delta needs your support. Are you giving it? Let us make our Debating Society what it should be—a credit to our High School.

"It is not what is said what counts, but how it is said, and not so much how it is said, but the spirit in which it is spoken."

The Beta Delta, in conclusion, wishes all the members in particular and the school in general a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

1st Student—I had an awful dream last night. I dreamt I was dead.
2nd Student—What woke you up?
1st Student—The heat.

HIS SOUL-MATE

I.

Harper stood with the telephone receiver at his ear, berating the delay. There was a buzz and a click—a faint inter-mingled hum of voices—and then another buzz. Suddenly a clear voice broke in above the other sounds: "Is that Christie & Son?" inquired the voice sweetly.

Now, Harper always considered himself a connoisseur of voices. "A musical voice," he would always argue, "was one of the greatest attractions a woman could possess. It outlived other beauties; it never tired one, whatever one's mood or temper might be. A sweet, soft voice would always please the ear, soothe the nerves and bring peace and harmony to the soul." Thus, Harper would harangue his friends when in expansive mood.

II.

It is not altogether remarkable that when Harper heard this particular voice come stealing across the wires, he very nearly dropped the receiver. For of all voices he had ever heard in his life, this was surely the sweetest—a soft, clear soprano, with just that tender, caressing note in it that he had always been most susceptible to.

"No," he answered; "this is not Christie & Son. I'm afraid they must have put you on the wrong number." Harper's own voice was soft as he spoke, so soft that few of his friends would have recognized it.

"Oh, I'm so sorry to trouble you," said the voice again. "That's the second wrong number in ten minutes."

"No trouble at all," said Harper, with boyish eagerness. Then, in a sudden inspiration: "Say, may I offer you——, I mean to say——, would you like to go to a theatre tonight?"

"Oh, I should love it!" replied the voice, more sweetly than ever, Harper thought; "but I don't know whether mother would like it."

"Couldn't you wire her, or something?" suggested Harper, anxiously.

"I might," came back rather dubiously.

"Then do, there's a little sport; say a friend has asked you to go to the theatre. I'll look after you all right, and I'll meet you at the Information Bureau, Pennsylvania Station, at half-past six. How's that?"

"Right-o," said the invisible speaker. "But how shall I know you?"

"I'll wear a dark red carnation," said Harper, romantically.

"Then au revoir," said the voice, gayly.

"Au revoir," said he, and stood their absently, with the receiver in his hand for some time before he put it back on its hook.

His brain was working fast. He had an appointment with old Jim Walker at six-thirty that evening, but Jim was a stickler for punctuality; he might wait for him a little while, say four minutes, but then Jim would certainly go home. He could easily think of some excuse later. He would have telephoned Jim, only Jim was here, there and everywhere, and could not be reached.

He rang up the people he had wished to speak to, got through his work as quickly as possible, and about six o'clock prepared to depart. He washed his hands, brushed his hat and coat, whistling cheerfully as he did so, and finally left the office, swinging his cane briskly as he walked outintothestreet.

III.

At twenty-five minutes past six he arrived at the Pennsylvania Station, and walked straight toward the information bureau. There were several people standing about, but they were all of the male sex, and Harper scarcely gave them a glance.

There were two or three elderly men, a colored porter, and a small boy eating an apple. Harper felt they looked at him rather curiously as he walked up.

There was a look of eager expectancy on his face, a certain anticipation of coming adventure, which made him flushed and excited. The small boy, in particular, seemed to eye the red carnation with considerable suspicion. Harper became conscious of

this stare, and also of the conspicuousness of his buttonhole, and, turning his back, he began to walk about the building, lookeing eagerly in all directions.

Suddenly a sweet voice behind him thrilled him through and through. It was the voice he had thought of all that afternoon, trying in vain to conjure up some fair image beautiful enough to match such tender tones: the voice, he had felt since he first heard it—of his soul-mate.

He turned hastily, with a look of glad expectancy in his eyes, to see before him a small, sticky youth of the office boytype, holding a large fragment of apple in one hand, and a pink illustrated paper in the other.

IV.

"Are you the gentleman who invited me to the theatre?" asked the boy, in a sweet treble, looking up innocently into Harper's face.

Harper tried several times to speak, but emotion held him dumb. At last, with a grunt of indignation, and an angry face, he turned abruptly and strode wrathfully from the spot.

The boy looked after him for a moment with a faint smile—then he returned to his apple.

—J. COMERFORD, Div. 2.

The wedding guest sat on a stone; he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man—the bright-eyed Mariner.

WHO SAID TACKLE?

THOMPSON CUP RUGBY

Three times the Victoria and Oak Bay High School Seniors have argued over the Thompson Cup on the Cranmore Road grounds, the result in each case being so close as to indicate hair-raising encounters. The Cup matches seemed, after the practice games, thrilling affairs to the umpteenth degree. If yelling could win games, the Victoria band of rooters would be undefeated. The two teams were very evenly matched, however, our boys often coming to within inches of the opposing line, but always failing to cross it. McLennan's touch-kicking and Champion's three-quarter runs were features of both games, while Owen and Parfitt proved very reliable half-backs. Nachtrieb, Olson and Snyder worked hard in the forward line, while McDonald, the full-back, frustrated rush after rush that seemed to foretell certain scores. In each game, however, Oak Bay managed to obtain a solitary touchdown, which always remained unconverted. In fact, a veritable three-nothing jinx prevailed over the Cranmore Road field, his decisions, ,however, being very unsatisfactory to the High School team. The result in each game was 3 to 0, in favor of Oak Bay.

SENIOR RUGBY

The school was this year able to field two teams, which were respectively labeled the A and B Teams. The first Senior A game with the University School provided the best match of the season. The University team was forced to the limit, their points being scored after attack after attack had been repulsed by the High School back division. High School's score came as the result of a touchdown by Jones, which McLennan converted. Our team deserves great credit for the splendid game they put up, and the next meeting of these two teams should prove immensely thrilling.

The High School Senior B Team also met the University for their first game, the match with Oak Bay being postponed. Our team was hopelessly outclassed by the heavier and much more experienced team, and the final result was an overwhelming score in favor of the University.

JUNIOR RUGBY

To the Junior Team fell the honor of winning the season's first game for the school. With the inevitable three-nothing result, our boys were victorious over the Oak Bay High School Junior Team. With a somewhat experienced back line, the team was very effective in tackling and touch-kicking, the forwards also working hard to clear the ball in the scrum. Briggs was responsible for the school's try when he captured the ball after it had been dribbled over the line by the forwards. The game was interesting throughout and our team should be highly complimented upon its splendid victory.

On Saturday, November 25th, a High School team journeyed to Duncan, when a keen match was played with the Cowichan Juniors. Our team was victorious, the final score being 9-3. The school team was lighter in the scrum, though our backs were somewhat heavier. McConnell and Davies were jointly responsible for the first score of the game, while Horne scored twice in the second half. The High School

Team wishes to take this opportunity to express its sincere gratitude for the splendid reception and treatment it received at the hands of the Cowichan sportsmen.

* * * * *

SOCCER

High School this year entered a team in the Junior City Soccer League. This team has not received the full support of the school rooters, although a few High members attended each game. The first game in the League was between High School and the Thistles, and resulted in a victory for the Thistles. In the second league game, our team met Esquimalt, and played full time without a score.

The inter-class soccer series, under the capable management of Major Harvey, has provided a multitude of clean, fast and exciting games, which have afforded interest to a great many students. With some of the closest scores imaginable, the various classes have strenuously competed for the division championships. Often with no score, even after an overtime period, the classes have been forced to postpone the argument. The winners of the three division of the League are as follows: Matriculation, Division 5; Junior, Division 10; Preliminary, Division 22. A play-off will be necessary between these three teams to decide the winner of the League.

* * * * *

HOCKEY

The weekly ice hockey practices are held at the Arena every Saturday, Mr. Cook acting as team coach. The players are settling down to real work, and an excellent team should be developed from the material in hand. Two High School teams will enter the City League, while a team has been formed in each of the three grades.

Boys' grass hockey has this year been introduced to the High School students, and the result is very gratifying. Mr. English, the coach, has worked hard to put the game on a firm foundation in the school. Two teams are being formed, while Phillips and Hodgeson have been the players' selection of captain and vice-captain. Some practice games have already been held with the Victoria Grass Hockey Club, which have proved very instructive to the school team. On the whole, the interest displayed is very keen and great deeds may be expected of our grass hockey teams this year.

* * * * *

BASKETBALL

A few workouts for the Boys' Senior Basketball Team have already been held, but the serious training will not commence until after Christmas. It is evident that there is some very promising material in our midst, and a splendid team this year should bear the school colors. A game has been played with the College, the score ending 27-26 in favor o fthe College. The game was as fast as the score would indicate, the excitement being always at fever pitch. Those boys desirous of representing the school on the team this year are urged to attend the practices, as these workouts prove very helpful in various ways.

* * * * *

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Last year our Victoria High School Senior Team won the Thompson Cup, and this year's team hasn't any intention of losing it. We have some popular students on the squad, and girls who mean business, so that, if they cannot keep the cup for one more year, we will be forced to come to the conclusion that we must have been seeing double.

The season opened with a game played on our own gym. floor between the V. H. S. team and the Victoria College squad. It was a fast and interesting game, and both teams played excellently, but the Black and Yellow proved themselves too strong for the College five, and when the final whistle blew, the score was 10-2 in favor of V. H. S.

The second game was played on Wednesday, November 22nd, against the Normal School. Our girls put up a very good game, but, owing to their being forced to play without three of their regular players, they were at a disadvantage, and the game resulted in a win for the Normal by a score of 16-12.

The High School regular line-up is as follows: Dorothy Melville, Kathy Wellburn, Iola Worthington, Isobel Crawford, Jeannette McQueen.

* * * * *

GIRLS' GRASS HOCKEY

The first game of the Thompson Cup series was played on the Victoria High School campus, between the V. H. S. and the O. B. H. S. It was a fast and interesting game, but the V. H. S. eleven proved superior and the game ended in a win for us by a score of 6-1.

The second game was played on the Oak Bay grounds, and although the Oak Bay girls struggled hard, they were again defeated by a score of 2-0.

Having won these two victories, the girls were now entitled to do battle with the Britannia High School of Vancouver, for the treasured trophy.

The great match took place on Saturday, December 2nd, on the Jubilee grounds. The game was probably the best of the season, and it was certainly the fastest. Our girls put up a hard fight, but theVancouver eleven showed a greater knowledge of the game, and the final score was 3-1 in their favor. But, as will be seen by the score, we covered ourselves with glory by doing what no other team has yet done—we shot a goal past their net-tender.

After the game, Mr. Smith presented the captain of the winning team with the Thompson Cup, making, as he did so, a few remarks about the game, and congratulating the winners. He warned them, however, to make the best of it while they had it, for we were fully determined to capture itnext year.

THE HIGH SCHOOL GLEE CLUB

For several years the High School has been without its Glee Club, but this year the society has once more been organized under the capable supervision of Miss Moore and Mr. Dilworth. It has been decided that the practices will be held every Thursday in the auditorium. The following officers have been elected: President, Florence Stevens; Secretary, Hope Leeming; Camosun Reporter, Laurine Gibson; and a committee consisting of Miss Smith and Miss Greenwood.

Robert Louis Stevenson said of singing:

"Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

And the Glee Club is determined that the Victoria High School shall have its songsters, too.

The aim of the Glee Club is to furnish a further opportunity to the students who are interested in voice culture. Already an excellent start has been made on several very beautiful songs, and we feel that the success of the club is assured.

LAURINE GIBSON.

ORCHESTRA

During the past term the musical genius (?) of the school has organized to form an orchestra. A deep and apparently insolvable mystery has herewith been explained. Namely—the source of those all-pervading and mellifluent strains of melting music which has proved such an enigma to the minds of many of our first year students. No, it wasn't an angel's harp, nor was it Santa's German mouth-organ. In all probability these divine melodies might have been traced directly to the silver throat of our trombone, which has lately developed into a veritable pipe of Hermes. Of course we have other instruments—several violins, a 'cello, a flute and a cornet, besides the piano, and under the able leadership of Mr. Dilworth, we hope to attain a reasonable degree of perfection However, we are still in need of violins and a clarionet. Boost the orchestra. It's a school activity and needs your help.

INTERIOR VIEW OF

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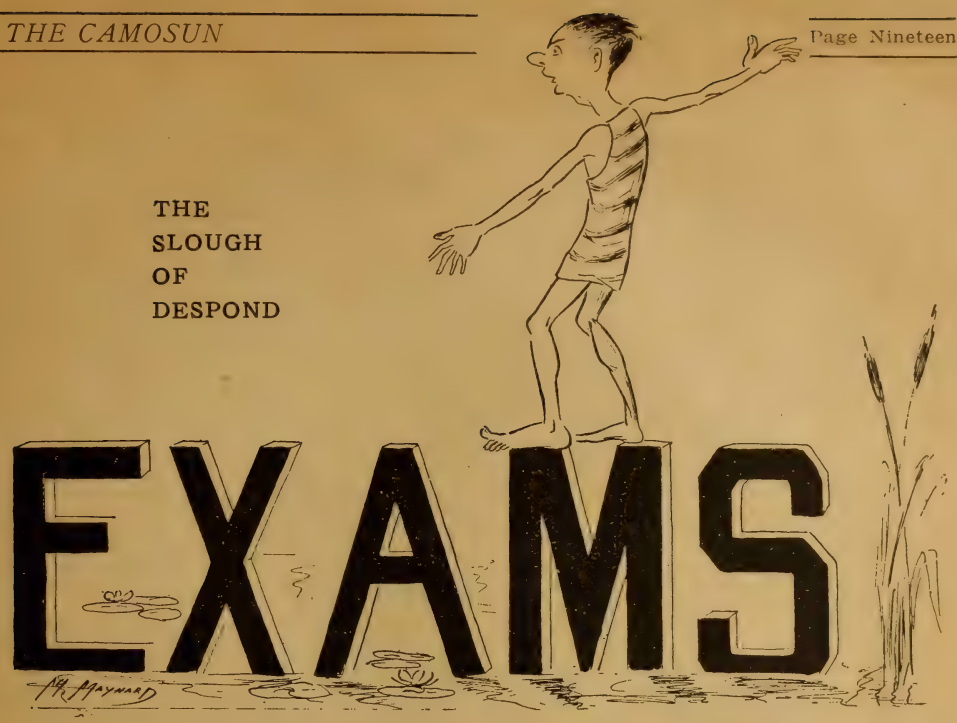

Dear Fellow Students,—I am a missionary. I bring unto you tidings of great joy: I am here to help you to tackle successfully and vanquish completely that form of scholastic vice known as the Examination.

I know that the examination, like the poor, will always be with us, but my policy is not to avoid the inevitable; it is rather to face it courageously and confidently. I know how to put the strangle-hold on it and how to reduce it to impotence. It is this secret I wish to impart to you.

You are probably wondering what manner of person I am that so unfalteringly lays claim to such power. Modesty forbids me disclosing my name to the readers of this magazine, but the Editors know me as a Matriculation Student of long standing and profound scholarship. I have been in the matriculation classes for fous successive years. You may, therefore, know how thoroughly I am acquainted with the subjects on the curriculum, and how experienced I must be in answering examination questions.

I know that at this point some of you are asking yourselves this question: "How does it come about that he hasn't passed his own examinations, if he is such an adept in answering questions?" My dear fellow-students, it is a most natural and fair question to ask, but I rejoice that I have an answer ready, an answer so convincing and satisfying that I shall at once gain your implicit confidence and unqualified approval. I have not tried to pass the matriculation exams during all these years. I have purposely failed so that I might remain at school and give my dear fellow-students the benefit of my experience in exams, and my profound knowledge in all subjects.

I have helped scores of grateful students in a quiet, unobtrusive manner during the last four years, but I am now resolved to hide my light under a bushel no longer. I wish to render service to all and sundry, irrespective of year, division or sex, and to do so in a manner which will enable everyone to take advantage of my talents.

I am publishing a book which contains ten thousand questions on all subjects on the various curricula, and to these questions there are model answers which, of course, will obtain one hundred per cent marks from any examiner under the sun. This book will be on the market in a few days and may be procured at the offices of The Camosun. There is no fixed price. After three months the purchasers pay what they think the book has been worth to them in that time.

To give you an idea of the questions and answers in the bok, I submit a few examples selected at random from the ten thousand which the book contains:

Q. What is the name of Caesar's wife?

A. Mrs. Caesar.

Q. Where were Brutus and Cassius slain?

A. In Act V.

Q. Did Shakespeare write the Shakespeare plays?

A. No. They were written by another man of the same name.

Q. What was the nature of King Henry the Fifth's punishment for invading and conquering France?

A. His marriage to the French Princess, Katharine.

Q. What are fast dyes?

A. Fast dyes are sudden deaths.

Q. Give the meaning of Milton's phrase, "Hence, loathed Melancholy."

A. "Hence" is an old form of spelling "hens." Hens, with their merry cackling after laying an egg, show that they hate sadness.

Q. Which is the most popuar of Scott's works?

A. Scott's Emulsion.

Your able and ready helper, SOLOMON SLICK.

SPARTAN EDUCATION

The Spartan State was the most perfect socialist state the world has ever seen. Among other things, it set itself to direct the whole life of every Spartan man, woman and child. It regulated food, dress, games, warfare, marriage and education. The difference between the education of the Spartans and that of the Athenians was that once established, the Spartan methods went on with very little change for centuries, while the Athenian education, like all the social institution of Athens, underwent progressive development.

The fundamental fact about Spartan education was its socialistic character. For the first time in the history of man a State deliberately took upon itself to determine the objects of education and to control its methods for the attainment of these objects. In Athens and in other Greek States the parents were allowed to educate their families as they pleased, so long as the did educate them, but in Sparta every detail of child-life was supervised by the State.

Shortly after its birth, the child was examined by State officials and, if the child was found to be weakly, was either left to die of exposure or put away among the serfs; those who were approved were trained by Spartan mothers for the first seven years of life, when they passed out of the control of the home into the direct control of the State.

From the age of seventeen to eighteen the boy had to go through a regular series of stages of his training; at the age of eighteen he became an "ephebos," and was sent to one of the frontier forts to get his first experience as a soldier on garrison duty. His frontier drill ended when he reached the age of twenty, but it was ten years more before he was recognized as ready for full citizenship.

The urgent needs of national defence made the direct education of the children military. From birth to death the daily life of the people, both adults and children, was almost as rigorous as life in the camp. The boys had to go bare-footed in all weathers and were clad in a single garment. Their food was coarse, and their beds hard, as befitted those who were to spend their lives in fighting. Every day they were kept busy at gymnastic exercises and outdoor pursuits, such as hunting, in order that they might be hardened.

From infancy they were under constant supervision. The girls were left at home with their mothers, but from the age of seven years boys were herded together in packs and housed in barrack-schools maintained by the State. The discipline of the

schools was very severe, the aim being to make the individual absolutely subservient to the community. The bravest boy was appointed leader of the pack, and he acted as a kind of N. C. O. The pack was directly under the charge of a young man of twenty years who had just finished his own training, while over all was a State official endowed with a large measure of authority, and assisted by attendants called "floggers."

Every adult citizen had the right to chastise or reprove any boy, in the absence of the usual officials. The boys, for their part, were encouraged to take all their beatings with a good grace as part of their training in hardness. Flogging at the altar of Artemis was borne by the boys without flinching, in order that they might pass into manhood. It is, therefore, a matter of little wonder that a spirit of discipline and obedience prevailed at Sparta, and that this was the case is clear from the fact that the youths walked along the streets with hands folded in their cloaks, proceeding in silence, looking neither to left or right, but with eyes modestly fixed on the ground.

In spite of the constant repression of the individual, Sparta did not neglect to train its citizens to be ready-witted and resourceful. To make the boys crafty, it was customary for leaders to steal their materials for dinner. They stole the herbs for the pot where they could either from gardens or they crept craftily to common tables, but whenever anyone was caught he was severely flogged for being clumsy or careless. They also stole whatever food they could, and if discovered they were punished with whipping and hunger.

Again, they were taught by the youth in charge of the pack to be "ready in judgment." After supper he used to order some of the boys to sing a song; to others he put some questions that required a judicious answer, i.e., "who is the best man in the city?" "What did he think of some particular action?" A brief reason was to be given with the answer, and he who answered badly had his thumb bitten by the young man in charge as a punishment. Each boy, moreover, was entrusted to the care of some older man called an "inspirer," who became responsible for setting him a good example and directed him in a friendly way.

The urgency of preparation for war left little time for culture in Sparta. Consequently, Literature and Art, which meant so much for Athenians, had no place in the educational system of the Spartans. While the other States of Greece were developing a wide range of artistic and intellectual interests, the Spartans, in their isolation, clung to a simpler life and regarded poetry and sculpture as frivolous occupations. Sparta, therefore, never produced a poet, historian, artist or philosopher of any note; it has even been asserted that the ordinary Spartan could neither read nor write, but that is probably exaggeration. It is true, however, that reading, being held in sincere esteem among them, was confined to bare rudiments. It was only through the music and dancing associated with their religious ceremonies that the artistic side of life was represented at all, and even these reflected the austere spirit of the people. The style of the songs displayed, and without affectation, praise of such men as died in defence of their country. For the same reason this was the case with most of the choral dances in which the movements in battle were imitated. Within their limits, both songs and dances were excellent, and the excellence was recognized by the educators of the Greek States who sought to induce in their people the hardy Spartan spirit by means of the characteristic Dorian modes.

Another distinctive feature of Spartan education was the attention paid to the training of women. Alone in Greece Sparta educated the girls in exercises similar to those of the boys in order that they might be worthy mothers of brave and hardy men. The only difference in their favor was that they were allowed to remain at home instead of being brought into the State barracks, and their course of training was less severe. They had their own exercise grounds in which they learned to leap, run, cast the javelin, throw the discus, play ball, wrestle, dance and sing. There is good evidence to show that their education had an admirable effect on their physical constitution.

—SCOTUS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The Editors are congratulating themselves on their great good fortune in securing the services of Turnip Top as official adviser to all who have difficulties to be solved or queries to be answered.

Turnip Top is a centenarian and a vegetarian, frugal in his tastes, but extravagant in his salary demands, demands, however, which we cannot afford to refuse, as he is the embodiment of the wisdom of the age which he places at the disposal of the readers of this magazine.

Despite Turnip Top's great age and frugal diet, he is a glutton for work besides salary, and all readers are respectfully requested to submit their difficulties to him, as the Editors feel that the services of such a valued and expensive contributor must not be neglected.

There is no charge made to subscribers submitting questions, despite the fact that the salary paid Turnip Top will be a great drain upon our financial resources. Don't hesitate, therefore, to make use of this remarkable acquisition to the staff of The Camosun.

Mother of Six: The fact that your children are continually discussing Pie, Cones, Roots and Gum, should not disturb you ,Mother of Six. You are entirely wrong in thinking that more attention is being paid in school to the development of their jaws than to that of their intelligence. Those terms do not apply to those succulent dainties beloved of children, but to Mathematics. The Gum is not of the Spearmint variety, but that used for fixing drawings on cardboard. Thanks for your good wishes for the success of our magazine.

Nervous Nellie: You would like to know how to keep cool at examinations, Nellie dear. For mental balance, carefully part the hair in the middle, and plaster well with mucilage to counteract the disturbing effects of hair-raising questions. Insert ten-ply fleece-lined insoles in the shoes to prevent cold feet, and apply a small cube of ice to each temple to keep the brain cool. Good luck to you.

The Minstrel Boy: You want a few hints on Voice Culture? Inhale through the left nostril and exhale through the right. Avoid canned fruits and meats, as they give the voice a metallic tone. Never eat pork as it spoils the voice for Hebrew melodies. For Italian Opera, take double helpings of macaroni. For increasing the range of the voice eat all you can of larks' heels and nightingales' tongues. Eschew gum, but chew the bark of trees, which improves the timbre of the voice.

Socrates: It is a very difficult matter to become a Philosopher, but this is a proven recipe. Never get your hair cut. Wear the cast-offi clothes of your grandfather. Smoke a churchwarden pipe. Chew the cud. Don't forget to be absent-minded. Affect, if necessary, a look of stupidity. Drink forty cups of tea per day. Write a ten-volume book on "Fossils I Have Met," or some other kindred subject.

Sentimental Tommy: You would like to win the favor of the teacher? Don't be stand-offish. Become familiar with him. Give him a hearty thump on the back and shout, "Cheerio, old bean!" Playfully tug his necktie from under his waistcoat. Adroitly place a drawing-pin on his chair and let him know you did it. 'Phone him up when he is sure to be abed and wish him sweet repose. Act in accordance with above advice and you will find school life all too short.

Exchanges

The Exchange Editor begs to acknowledge receipt of the following school periodicals and thanks the editors for forwarding the same: "Acta Victoriara," Victoria College, Toronto; "Trinity University Review," Trinity College, Toronto; "Polaris Weekly," North High School, Minneapolis, U. S. A.; "The Hutch-in-Sun," Hutchinson High School, Buffalo, N.Y., U.S.A.; "Westport Crier," Kansas City, U.S.A.; "The X-Ray," Sacramento High School, Sacramento, Cal., U.S.A.; "Snaggy-Snap," Claremore High School, Claremore, U.S.A.; "The Aurora," King Edward High School, Prince Rupert,

MATRIC A

Lament (chanted "con expressione" by the three unfortunate male members of the class):

Blue eyes to the right of us,
Fair curls beside us,
Oh, how embarrassing—
How they distress us!

Blushes on every hand,
Scarcely a place to stand,
Nowhere a manly hand,
Miserrimi sumus!!!

* * * * *

A thirst for knowledge is indeed a dangerous thing. The members of Matric A are now mourning the loss of the class mascot, Scholefield, lured to his fate by this most deplorable disease. Upon enquiry we find that poor Scholefield was removed to New Westminster by the S. P. C. A. for experimenting upon flies with sulphuric acid. Contrary to the popular belief, we do not think that Scholefield lost his head. His cap was found by Thorpe, and it was quite empty.

* * * * *

Those of us who are awake during Latin and History periods have noticed that our "Fred" goes better when jollied along by a musical instrument than when "rushed."

* * * * *

Miss Leigh (in a huff)—Aw, I'm going to run away. Give me my powder puff.

* * * * *

Miss Orr—Did you know that they used to fight in pyjamas in the olden days?

Miss Slater—No, did they?

Miss Orr—Well, it says just here that "ye goode King Arthur went forth to ye battle with his royal knyght(i)es."

MATRIC B

Matric B seems to have set the pace this year as far as socials go. We're **such** a friendly crowd! We have had two parties a'ready, ranting, roaring times they were, too. The first was at the home of Miss Peterson, and proved to be a great success. After a delicious supper and a most enjoyable dance, the guests, weary but happy, dragged themselves homeward in the "wee sma' hours o' th' mornin'."

We were again entertained on November 18th, when Miss Kilpatrick was hostess at a very successful party given by the members of Divisions II. and V. Before 8 o'clock a gay and animated throng of demoiselles and garcons began to arrive. Miss Kilpatrick received them and passed them on to the care of the Misses Kilpatrick and Gosse. So much for the "cut and dried" descripition of the proceedings. As for the dramatic side, one can only surmise. "Prithee," said Romeo, "who is that comely damsel yonder?" "That," said Timon, of Athens, "fair and false!" Meanwhile Brutus, who is an honorable man, decided to leave his philosophical studies and prepared himself to "trip the light fantastic toe" with the best of them, and even Anthony had to admit that "'twas a combination and a form indeed."

Still the night wore on. Supper came—none too soon. The dances followed one another in quick succession. Romeo arranged the balcany scene. Brutus enquired about partners, but weary Timon, lulled by the music's somnolence, fell fast asleep and had to be carried to bed. Thus the party broke up, and one and all voted it a huge success. And why not? When Division II. undertakes anything how can it help being a success?

MATRIC C

Eric Tredwell, our esteemed president, is getting to be quite an orator. The last time he presided at a class meeting he only made three mistakes. Keep up the good work, Eric.

* * * * *

Teacher—What race of people used to punish themselves for their sins by wearing sackcloth and ashes? Horne—Sacrilegious people.

* * * * *

Bagshaw—Is there such a thing as a cow-frog?
Greenwood—No, of course not. Bagshaw—Well, why are there any bull-frogs?

* * * * *

Bothwell—Which is correct: "I'm crazy," or "I are crazy"?
Coates—"I'm crazy," of course. Bothwell—I thought so.

* * * * *

English teacher (to McKay, on returning examination papers)—You have tried to do, not the examination, but the examiner.

* * * * *

Teacher (to Miss Sweetie)—Do you paint—er— that is, do you use the brush?

* * * * *

We strongly suspect that Coates conceals some Irish blood in his veins. Here is an extract from his composition:
"When the Duke of York was dead, he said——!"

* * * * *

Capt. Boyd (reading from Henry V.)—"Thou damn'd, luxurious mountain goat," (then, turning to Inspector Sullivan, "Won't you sit down?"

* * * * *

H———d P———t—There is nothing that can lash us into a frenzy of enthusiasm like "tails of our ancestors."

MATRIC D

Our class is full of pep and fun. We make full many a joke and pun. Yet, though we're such a lively lot, when work comes up we're on the spot. In home-work we are never slack; our problems, finished, all come back. In High School sports we're always there. Our game is good and clean and fair. The Rooters' Club has got our help; we attend the games to whoop and yelp. Debating clubs have our support, in fact, we do all that we ought; though, as you know, we never gas, the exams this year we hope to pass. Traversing all the school, will ye find ne'er a class like Matric D.

MATRIC E

Ay, verily, Matric E is a class worthy of much notice. With members of this class in practically every kind of sport, we have also in our ranks the O. C. of the Cadet Corps; the best shot in the school, two prefects, the President of the Beta Delta, a member of the school orchestra, as well as many excellent students (of course). Division V. will endeavor this year to set an example that will long be an inspiration to those who follow.

* * * * *

Teacher—I'm sorry to say that you got zero in your physics exam, Dunn.
Dunn—Why, sir, that means nothing to me.

Teacher—Wood, why aren't you writing? Wood—Ain't got no pen.
Teacher—You **ain't**; why, Wood, where's your grammar?
Wood—Oh, she's dead, sir.

* * * * *

Mr.———: I can't think what to do with you, Howard. I've taught you all I know, and still you know nothing.

* * * * *

Teacher—Smith, why weren't you attending?
Smith—Please, sir, I was thinking.
Teacher—Well, you've got no business thinking during school hours.

* * * * *

Todd—See this chalk on my shoulder?
Grant—Yeh.
Todd—Well, that ain't chalk. (We wonder what it was?)

MATRIC E

We still go on, nor is our course dismayed,
For hardships, griefs and pains we all must bear,
By semblances or signs of any fear.
By semblancies or signs of any fear. —A. B.

JUNIOR B., DIVISION VII.

Extract from The Victoria Daily Times—The members of Junior B., Victoria High School, and their friends, held a delightful dance on Saturday evening at the home of one of its members, Miss Laurine Gibson, 114 Wildwood Avenue. During the evening delicious refreshments were served. Fenton's four-piece orchestra was in attendance and added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

* * * * *

Overheard at the last rugby match—Don't you just adore Shakespeare's plays?
Oh, I dunno; what team does he play on?

* * * * *

The President of the Matriculation Organization is evidently of a forgetful nature, for, whenever Div. 7 (whose greater number is girls) enters the history room, that individual repeatedly returns for some book that he has apparently forgotten.

* * * * *

At our class party, after the orchestra had played the last waltz, and the guests had begun to depart, Margaret Service received an offer to hire out with the J. B. A. A. football team.

DIVISION VIII.

Jimmy Horne makes a good Lucius in reading Julius Caesar, and appears most realistic.

Major W——— predicts that the same young gentleman will be a great chemist one day. We think he must increase his stature first.

* * * * *

That dread date, December 11th, rapidly approaches, and the cloud of examinations about to be hangs over our poor heads. However, we take this opportunity to wish success and a Merry Christmas to all, whether Prelims, Juniors, Matrics or teachers.

DIVISION IX.

Christmas Suggestions for Members of Division IX.

Miss Cameron—A free memory and instruction course in Algebra during sleeping hours.

Miss McPhee—A microbe for Algebra (they multiply rapidly).

Miss Cross—A non-removable smile for English.

Miss Marchant—Someone to define "Tetredynanomous."

Miss McConnell—A permanent look to convey intelligence when the mind is vacant.
Miss Thorpe—A machine for finding lost articles.
Miss Wallace—A serious expression for Botany.
Matthews—A pocket radio outfit to hook up to bedtime stories in Latin.
Thomas—A copy of Carlyle's "Essay on Work."

* * * * *

Thomas—How long do I have to wait for a shave?
Barber—About three years, sonny.

* * * * *

Chemistry Teacher—What is the best conductor of electricity?
Matthews—Why—e—er—
Chemistry Teacher—Correct. What is the unit by which it is measured?
Matthews—The what, sir?
Chemistry Teacher—That will do nicely. Sit down.

* * * * *

Census Taker (to Miss Thorpe's little sister)—Have you any brothers?
Little Sister—One.
Census Taker—Does he live here?
Little Sister—Naw! He goes to Victoria High School.
Census Taker—Any sisters?
Little Sister—One.
Census Taker—Does she work?
Little Sister—Naw! She don't do nothing, either.

* * * * *

(Sing to the tune of "My Wild Irish Rose")

Oh, the class of Junior D,
The swellest class there be;
You may look everywhere,
But there's none to compare
With the class of Junior D.

JUNIOR E., DIVISION X.

All hail to the girls of Junior E; all day long they're full of glee.
First there's Miss Bradford, on French very keen,
And then comes Miss Davies, whom you've all seen.
Our next one, Miss Forster, is the vamp of the class,
And when all's said and done, she's abonny wee lass.
And there's Miss Green, who is good at her books,
Though she's Green by name, she's not green in looks.
And then there's Miss Horner, of course.
Of Botany knowledge, Miss Impey's the source.
Macdonald and McDougall, two shining lights are they.
Miss Penzer and Miss Pinder both are very gay.
Miss Ponsford is a worker, there's no doubt of that;
Marjorie Schroeder is the shadow of our famous Pat;
Miss Tooley is a singer of justly growing fame.
Our last is a genius, Miss Audrey Tripp by name.

DIVISIONS XII. and XIII. 2nd and 3rd Year Vocational

Rourke has quit school. What will the class do now for the loan of a football at noon hour?

* * * * *

If McConnell works as hard at home as he does at school, we would say that he sleeps from 4 p.m. to 8.30 a.m.

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Hallier—Please, sir, the gas is leaking from this flask.

Teacher—And you come to me about it? Get some putty and plug it. Use your head, boy, use your head.

* * * * *

Teacher—That explanation is as clear as mud.

Hole—Well, it covers the ground, doesn't it?

DIVISION XV.

Division 15 is always entertained in Room 20. A solo rendered by Miss Martin, melodious hoots by Miss Boyce, and occasional snorts from Eller; also a few hums and coughs from Miss Milby, and frequent guffaws from Miss MacKay make the time pass enjoyably for all.

* * * * *

Mr. Farr—Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?

Coull (after deep thought)—At the bottom.

* * * * *

Division 15 boasts the presence of a real live cartoonist: Tong Lee, who has for several years supplied the attractive covers for The Camosun. In addition to being thus gifted, Tong is an earnest student and a gentleman, qualities making for success in all walks of life.

DIVISION XVI.

Christie is the smallest lad in our class, but he has a high-powered foghorn voice. The Glee Club is after fellows like you, Tom.

* * * * *

Cameron is our rugby star. He sets and rises, but never shoots.

* * * * *

We have a chap in our division from whose shoulder blades we expect wings to sprout. His name is Sin-not.

* * * * *

You might think, from Emery's name, that he was a rough, tough, cross-grained guy, but he's not. What's in a name?

DIVISION XVIII.

A Witty young Parson of the MacKay clan went to London to seek a Taylor. He met a Freeman, who was named Edward, and who by profession was a Gardener. The Gardener kindly took him home to see his wife Anderson, who was a Smith of fame renowned. During the introduction, a careless daughter of the family fell out of the window and pierced her Harte on a Pyke. They went to Hunter and found she had a Cruick(ed)shank. The accident Endean her life, they had to Carter to the Moore, where she was buried in a Neat box. On returning to the cottage, Edwardson asked the Witty Parson if he would like some Cunningham to eat, as the nourishment was much needed. He answered, "Nixon that, I would prefer a Lemm-on."

N.B.—Read this again, dear reader, you may have missed the meaning).

DIVISION XX.

So much glory has this class gained, that it is only with difficulty we can keep our noses on this planet at all.

Firstly: We have subscribed 100% to the Athletic Association.

Secondly: We have subscribed 103% to this worthy magazine.

Thirdly: We have played and won two games of basketball.

In football we have not been so fortunate, losing one game by a score of 1-0, and drawing the other, our only explanation being that we did not score enough goals.

The Saanich members of this class must have a new version of the popular song, which seems to be:

What's the use of hurrying? It never was worth while.

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Victoria - B.C.

DIVISION XXI.

Motto: "Semper Paratus." (Always Ready)

We would like to suggest a motto for Division 18: "Ne plus ultra loquentes Latinum." (Bow-wow!!)

* * * * *

What Division claims the title: "Les Petits Mignons de l'Institutrice," and do they wear the McDonald tartan kilt?

* * * * *

Parvus Jack Horner Inseruit thumb,
Sedit in a corner Extraxit plum,
Edens a Christmas pie; Et dixit, "Quid bonus puer am I."

* * * * *

Who translated "Spectant provinciae ad oceanum" as "They spit in the provincial ocean"? Ask Division 18.

We have discovered that Arithmetic is interesting, aye, thrilling, for did not D. McLean hurl himself from his chair with delight during a most interesting lesson on decimals? Perhaps the clock was fast!

DIVISION XXIII.

Mr. Dymond—Miss King, what is dust?
Miss King—Mud with all the juice squeezed out.

* * * * *

What's in a name?
Has Annie A. Hood? Is Daisy King? Is Laura Fox?
Is Annie Arthur? Is Ethel Brown? Did Connie Lam Helen White-ley?

DIVISION XXV.

Miss MacNaughton (in English period)—Now, class, pay attention to the lesson. Your mind is on some other nonsense.

Mr. Forsyth—Looking at this prism, I can see it twice. What shall I do to see it four times?

Voice from the back—More home brew.

* * * * *

A very enjoyable class social was held on November 9th, at the home of Miss Maisie Hartley, on Quadra Street. The evening was spent in games and dancing. All having appreciated the dainty supper, served by Mrs. Hartley, the party broke up, after thanking the hostess for their pleasant evening, and hoping that the class would soon hold another such social.

DIVISION XXVII.

We are a hard-working Technical Class and have many geniuses. Scott is the speed artist at shopwork. Hulke shines at mathematics. We can't say who can "parley-voo" the best, and we all can sing.

It will be a great day when Anderson gets to school on time, but so far it's the same old story every morning: "I live in Saanich," or, "The car was late."

NOT THE ONLY ONE

The debating society was in full swing when one noisy member got up and said to his opponent: "Sir, you are the greatest dŏnkey that ever lived!"

"Order, sir!" shouted the chairman. "You seem to forget that I am here."

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MATRIC ORGANIZATION

The Matric Organization is well on its way for the current year. The new executive consists of: Hon. President, Mr. H. H. Smith; President, D. Reg. MacKay; Vice-President, Miss Dorothy Dean; Secretary, T. G. Wilson; Treasurer, Miss Doris Marlatt.

Prefects appointed by this executive are: Misses Orr, Porter, Pottinger, Cousins, Arnason and Rogers; Messrs. Maynard, Clayton, Parfitt, Cowper, Champion and Olson.

Members elected to represent the different Matric Divisions on the General Committee are:

Misses Stevens, Gosse, Smith, Peterson, Wheeler, Cousins, Rogers and Lytte.

Messrs. Maynard, Noel, Bothwell, Chaston, Cowper, Tredwell and Worthington.

Various sub-committees have been selected from the General Committee to serve in connection with social events held during the yar.

A definite constitution and set of by-laws are at present being drawn up by the Executive. This will bind the Matric year into a more concrete organization than it has ever been before, and simplify the work of Matric Organizations of future years.

TOO BAD!

Waiter (to impatient customer)---I have pig's head, ox's kidney and stuffed heart.
Customer—Oh, that's too bad! But I came here to eat.

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